
Title: TheThird Age of The Dreaming I

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In the third age of the
dreaming, an evil man,
born of fire, had come
into power. Under his
reign, suffering and
oppression
flourished. And so to
protest the misuse of
his power, many
induced a state of
dreaming, calling
themselves "The
Glorious Dreamers".
Those who did not try
to sleep, waited for
the legendary warrior
to save them and
awaken them from
the nightmare they
could not escape by
dreaming.

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Valdyr walked along
the dreamer's path,
his sword slung over
his shoulder. He
scowled, unhappy
with what life had
handed him. He was a
warrior, and there
was nothing
challenging to fight.
A gust of wind blew,
blowing his long mane
of silver hair up into
the air, swirling it
like a tornado. There
was nothing worthy to
fight, just monsters
summoned by Ari, the
land's ruler. So bored
was he, that he rented
his services out to
towns, destroying the
monsters that plagued
them. Another gust
of wind blew across
the path, rustling the

leave of the trees that lined it. With no worthy opponents, he longed for a good fight, a quest. If only there was something worth fighting.....

He came to a town soon, a small town, with perhaps twenty homes and a few businesses. No one was outside; the town was deserted. He frowned, wondering if it was an ambush.

A small woman approached, dressed in a simple soft blue dress, her fire red hair in two buns on the sides of her head, with hair coming out of them due to the sheer amount of it.

Her ice blue eyes bore into him, as she judged him. Valdyr wanted to shudder under her powerful gaze, but he forced himself not to. It would not befit a warrior, he decided.

Smiling, the small woman bowed, as it was custom to bow to great warriors, such as him. But then she surprised him for she vaulted over him, grabbing his broadsword. Cursing, he turned to her and she threw his sword back at him. He caught the hilt with little difficulty and then smiled. She did that to show she is not weak.... And now she will ask me to slay the monster.

"Warrior, I ask this of you and it gives great pain. There is a monster that lives just beyond the

clearing, over that way," she began, and pointed towards a distant forest.

"So you wish me to kill it," he said bluntly. He already knew the answer.

"No, I wish you to help me kill it. I need a... diversion, and no one in this town can survive long enough for me to cast the spell."

Looking startled Valdyr replied, "M'lady, I can slay the beast without any help. I am a true warrior."

"Yes, but I doubt you can kill a monster born of Ari's breath.

It is magically protected, and can only die at the hands of a magi." She smiled grimly as if it were her duty to protect the world from evil.

"Lady, am I correct to assume you are a magi?" Valdyr asked. She's so small and frail looking. How can she be a magus? She couldn't have enough strength to control and focus all the power for a spell!

She nodded, smiling at his confusion. I'm a lot older than I look, he heard in his head and then he understood.

The woman before him was a true magus, capable of changing form. He blinked and for a moment he saw a tall, graying woman. Then her appearance returned to normal.